

California by Carerra_os

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Summary:

Day 3 Spring Break

Day 15 Sun

Day 22 Yellow

Day 25 Lake

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“You’re cute.” Billie murmurs, leaving a trail of fading red up Stevie’s neck as her lipstick smears no doubt smearing it over her own chin and cheek as well. “What was so important you couldn’t sit through one terrible play?”

“Well,” Stevie’s manicured fingers slide their way up under Billie’s cut up Metallica shirt, blunt nails cropped close and painted a soft pink dance up over Billie’s ribs making her shudder “My parents called the office to let me know they won’t be back and since it’s my

birthday they'll be missing I convinced them to let me take a trip with a friend .”

1. Spring Break

Author's Note:

Day Three Spring Break, Fifteen Sun, Twenty-two
Yellow, Twenty-five Lake from the HarringroveApril
Prompts
The rating is for Chapter 3

Notes for the Chapter:

Day Three Spring Break from the HarringroveApril
Prompts

California Part 1 Spring Break

Billie is bored watching the clock on the wall slowly tick by when she spots Stevie in the little rectangular cut out window of the door grinning and waving her hands excitedly. Billie thinks about ignoring her just to see what she does but last time she did that Stevie actually pulled the fire alarm and gave herself a stomach ache worrying about someone finding out it was her and getting in trouble. So Billie raises her hand and claims cramps when it looks like Mr. Wickens is going to refuse her.

Billie slides into an empty hall brow furrowing until she catches sight of Stevie waving at her from around a corner down the hall. "I feel like you're supposed to be doing something other than trying to get me to flunk English right now." Billie says as she comes around the corner to find Stevie leaning there still grinning broadly like a loon.

"The only way you would fail English is intentionally." Stevie huffs hooking her fingers in Billie's belt loop and drawing her in close.

“True you on the other hand are barely passing and I’m pretty sure you have English during this period too.” Billie reminds, she has been helping Stevie as much as she can but that did not start until after they started dating, Stevie still has half a years’ worth of failing grades to contend with.

“Mrs. Fields put on a movie, it’s the last day before spring break and she is just as restless as the rest of us. So I’m not missing anything except a boring ass school approved student play that got recorded last year. I’m pretty sure Carl pukes in the middle of the last scene in this one.” They both wrinkle their noses at the thought, Billie may not have been there for it but Toni has told her plenty about it while nearly suffocating in laughter.

“Did you bring me out here to talk about Carl puking or do you want to use this time to make out?” Billie asks hopeful as she presses Stevie tighter against the wall, slides a fishnet covered thigh under Stevie’s skirt between her bare thighs.

“I didn’t call you out here for that but I am definitely amenable.” Stevie grins as Billie kisses at her neck with a little laugh, she just learned that word yesterday and has been using it every chance she gets.

“You’re cute.” Billie murmurs, leaving a trail of fading red up Stevie’s neck as her lipstick smears no doubt smearing it over her own chin and cheek as well. “What was so important you couldn’t sit through one terrible play?”

“Well,” Stevie’s manicured fingers slide their way up under Billie’s cut up Metallica shirt, blunt nails cropped close and painted a soft pink dance up over Billie’s ribs making her shudder “My parents

called the office to let me know they won't be back and since it's my birthday they'll be missing I convinced them to let me take a trip with a *friend* .”

“So you came to tell me you're going out of town?” Billie asks pulling back right before she gets to Stevie's lips, her own mouth twisting up in annoyance, she was hoping to get some quality time with Stevie over spring break, maybe take her on a picnic date for her birthday and give her the mix tape she had been painstakingly putting together for her but instead she will be somewhere fancy likely with Toni because they have been friends forever.

“Billie,” Billie does not appreciate the humor in her tone as Stevie no doubt guesses where her mind has gone. Billie tries to pull away only for Stevie to dig her nails in, bringing a leg up to hook around her hip, stretching her skirt as much as it will go to keep Billie where she wants her. “No I came to ask you to come out of town with me silly, to California actually, my parents have a beach house out there and it'll be all ours for two whole weeks.” Stevie eases her hold going a little nervous eyes cutting away from Billie's bright blues “I mean if you do want to come with me, I just thought-”

Billie cuts Stevie off with her mouth, kissing her for all she is worthy, feeling stupid for thinking Stevie would go with Toni when she could spend her time with Billie. “You want to take me to Cali for your birthday? I'm sure your parents would have flown you anywhere.” Billie asks giddy at the idea of two weeks back in California, two weeks with Stevie and the sun and sand.

“Yeah they did but I figured maybe you could show me around where you grew up, maybe introduce me to some of your old friends, you know if you aren't too embarrassed to be seen with me in all my preppy glory.” Stevie tries for teasing but she cuts her eyes down too

fast, giving herself away to Billie that she is actually worried about that.

“Baby I will show your preppy ass off to every person I know, you know I don’t give a fuck about how you dress in fact I think I’ve made it pretty clear how big a fan of it I am. You’re going to be the center of attention at the little bar we used to sneak into I’m going to have to beat people away from you.” Billie says excitedly tipping Stevie’s face up and peppering kisses along her mouth and cheeks “Baby I can’t wait for you to meet my old friends and to show you all my old haunts but are you sure this is what you want to do for spring break, for your birthday?”

“I can’t think of anything I’d rather do for my birthday than getting to spend time with you in a place you love.” Stevie says hands coming up and cupping Billie’s face so she can kiss her properly on the mouth again.

“I love you.” Billie whispers against Stevie’s lips, eyes pricking a little as she gives her the biggest happiest smile, this is the first time Billie has said those words to her, Stevie always tells her it is fine when she cannot say it back but she is ecstatic to finally hear those words coming from Billie.

“I love you too sunflower.” Stevie whispers, drawing Billie close, letting her hide her face in her neck, hands sliding down to rub over her back. They stay like that for a few moments in silence before Stevie breaks it “That was a yes on coming to California with me right?”

“Yeah baby that’s a yes.” Billie says laughing into Stevie’s skin.

-TBC

Notes for the Chapter:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>

2. Sun

Summary for the Chapter:

Day 15 Sun

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"No wonder you love it here, it's beautiful." Stevie murmurs, eyes scanning up as the caw of a seagull draws her gaze.

"It's not the only beautiful thing around here." Billie says, drawing Stevie's bright smiling face to her own for a kiss.

Notes for the Chapter:

Day Fifteen Sun from the Harringrove April Prompts

California Part 2 Sun

The first place Billie drags Stevie to is the beach, well technically it is to the Harrington beach house but it is right on the beach so close enough. They have barely set their bags down in the little entryway when Billie catches Stevie's wrist and drags her outside into the midday heat. Stevie complains a little about the sand getting in her shoes as Billie drags her off of the wooden porch and down onto the actual beach.

Stevie laughs as Billie keeps pulling her, both of them kicking up hot sand as she keeps going, dragging the both of them all the way down to the edge of the water. She only pulls them to a stop right before to save her boots and Stevie's sand filled sandals from water damage. The sun is hot on her skin, bright and glaring off of the water making it shimmer like a mirage. She cannot wait to get in the water, to be out of her travel clothes, meant for the still chill air of Hawkins and into the swimsuit she went and bought just for this trip.

"Wow!" Stevie breathes out, big eyes staring out at the ocean, the sun making the honeyed highlights of her hair pop and the flecks of gold in her eyes shine bright. Billie gets lost looking at her looking at the ocean, gets caught up in the wonder on Stevie's face, it is better than any other view she has ever seen. "No wonder you love it here, it's beautiful." Stevie murmurs, eyes scanning up as the caw of a seagull draws her gaze.

"It's not the only beautiful thing around here." Billie says, drawing Stevie's bright smiling face to her own for a kiss.

"Right back at yah." Stevie says as they break apart "How about we go unpack or at least shower and change? I already feel gross and I'm starting to sweat."

Billie wants to protest, wants to stay here soaking up the sun but her own clothes are starting to stick in uncomfortable ways. "Sure pretty girl, we can shower together and save some water." Stevie laughs as she gives her a lecherous grin wiggling her eyebrows.

"We both know that never works out for the environment and we probably won't make it back out here if we do that." Stevie says as Billie starts pulling her back up the beach to the house.

"The sun will still be here tomorrow sugar tits, let's go christen the house." She fully intends to get Stevie naked in every room of this house just like she did back in Hawkins, christened all of the rooms in both of their houses.

"I'm beginning to think you have a kink for fucking in new places." Stevie says as they make it back into the house, they stomp their shoes outside before they come in but they still end up tracking sand all over the tiled kitchen.

"I have a thing for fucking in places our parents would disapprove of." Billie says, already tugging at Stevie's belt, it is not actually doing anything for Stevie's outfit other than keeping Billie out of it.

"I'm pretty sure our moms would disapprove, my dad has been making some comments, I think he's onto us. Last time he was home he kept going on and on about his college fling with his roommate Kenneth after a few glasses of champagne." Stevie says with a snort, shaking her head as Billie continues to struggle, finally taking pity on her and undoing the belt herself.

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They do not make it back onto the beach that night but at the crack of dawn Billie is awake, salt in her nose shaking Stevie until she groans and swats at her with a cranky "WHY!"

"Up, up, you have to get up and watch the sunrise, come on, come on." Billie insists, rolling her out of the bed, Stevie barely manages to get her feet on the ground before Billie can succeed in pushing her to the floor.

"We got sunrises back in Hawkins." Stevie complains glaring as she grabs up a blanket and wraps it around her shoulders, she tries to dodge Billie's grab for her but she is tired and slow, ends up with an arm around her waist dragging her from the bedroom.

"Not like this baby, I'll make you breakfast while we watch." Billy insists, wide awake, she wants Stevie to love California, needs her to want to move out here once they graduate. Billie cannot imagine living somewhere else but she also cannot imagine going anywhere without Stevie right there with her.

"I love you but why are you a morning person? It's the one thing I don't like about you!" Stevie whines trying to turn back toward the

bedroom but Billie just uses her strength to drag her to the kitchen pushing her onto a high backed chair at the little island separating the kitchen from the living room as she pouts.

“Baby I promise the view is going to be so pretty and I’ll make breakfast, I checked the place is fully stocked and later I’ll even let you take a nap before we go take a dip in the water.” Billie puts on her most charming smile, sliding a coffee cup in front of Stevie made just the way she likes it.

Stevie heaves a great sigh as she picks up the mug mumbling a little “Fine” into it and Billie grins triumphantly, giving her a kiss on the forehead that Stevie grumpily throws a hand out over, letting it fall back to the counter before it even grazes Billie. “Put some music on at least.”

“Of course your highness.” Billie teases opening the sliding glass door and letting the early morning breeze blow in, the soft waves crashing against the shore and birds starting to mill about, the only ones Billie can identify by sound are the seagulls. “I love you but please put the radio on.” Stevie pouts at her cutely and Billie just rolls her eyes, she was already going to, Stevie has a thing about too much quiet and she already knew the soft waves would not be enough for her. Billy flips the little radio in the kitchen on and riffles around in the fridge pulling out ingredients as the sky slowly paints with colors.

Stevie hums to the music on the radio while Billie fries up eggs and bacon, both of them paying more attention to the skyline changing colors than anything else as the sun slowly rises. The sky is just turning pink when Stevie turns to watch Billie splitting the bacon between two plates, eggs still frying. “Alright this is better than a Hawkins sunrise.”

“What was that I couldn't quite hear you?” Billie asks, playing it up as she licks over her lips.

Stevie huffs with an eye roll, smiling into her coffee cup as she says “You were right sunflower.” shaking her head as Billie dances around triumphantly.

“Damn right I was.” She dances around the little island bar separating them, planting a kiss on Stevie’s cheek as she rolls her eyes again.

“You keep gloating and you’re going to burn the eggs.” Stevie points out, laughing as Billie squawks and makes a rush for them, the faintest scent of over cooked egg in the air. Billy dishes the eggs out between them before joining Stevie and handing her a plate. “Looks good babe.” Stevie says as she takes hers, leaning in close and bumping their noses together making Billie’s smile widen before they both turn back to watch the sun keep rising as they eat.

-TBC

Notes for the Chapter:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>

3. Yellow

Summary for the Chapter:

Day 22 Yellow

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“I can’t find my yellow scrunchie, have you seen it?” Stevie asks, bare feet padding against the wooden floors as she comes out of the hall that leads back to the main bedroom. Billy knows exactly where that scrunchie is, currently buried in the center of her messy bun but she is not about to tell Stevie that.

Notes for the Chapter:

Day Twenty-two Yellow from the HarringroveApril Prompts

California Part 3 Yellow

“Hey baby, are you almost ready?” Billie yells from the living room, it is not the first time she has asked but it has been twenty minutes since the last time she checked. They are not really in a hurry, Billie is just taking Stevie down to this little taco joint she used to go to all the time when she lived around here, she wants to show Stevie some real tacos, not the fast food shit she is used to back in Indiana.

“No” Stevie hollers back, the sound echoing a little, letting Billie know she is still in the bathroom. Billie just tunes back into the ocean waves outside the open window and sips her beer. It has been a good couple of days so far, most of their time spent on the beach and Billie had taken Stevie down to the pier, introduced her to all her old friends. It had been nice, easy, Stevie so personable, everyone loved her, even if there was some light teasing about Billie showing back up with the preppiest girlfriend ever.

Stevie is having fun she thinks, certainly seems like it, even if the tops of her shoulders are a little red, Billie has been real good about slathering her in sunscreen every couple of hours to keep her burn from getting worse. Billie rolls her beer bottle over her bare thighs, condensation leaking over them, dripping down onto the couch as she watches the waves roll in crashing hard against the shore, a storm is going to hit sometime tonight, the dark clouds giving the sea a moody feel. Billie does not feel anything but happy from her spot watching, maybe hoping a little that it will hold out until they get back so they do not get caught up in it when they go out.

“I can’t find my yellow scrunchie, have you seen it?” Stevie asks, bare feet padding against the wooden floors as she comes out of the hall that leads back to the main bedroom. Billy knows exactly where that scrunchie is, currently buried in the center of her messy bun but she is not about to tell Stevie that.

“What yellow scrunchie?” Billie asks instead, feigning ignorance as she turns to look at Stevie, wearing a short little yellow sundress, dotted in little purple flowers. There is gold glinting off her ankle, a small thin chain wrapped around it, almost identical to the longer one around her neck, both spotted with a tiny diamond. “Don’t you just look real pretty sugar tits” Billie says with a grin hands out, fingers wiggling wanting Stevie to move closer, the cut of her dress across her chest making her breasts look like they are going to pop out at any second and Billie just wants to rest her head against them.

“You really haven’t seen it?” Stevie asks, keeping out of reach, hands on her hips as she gives Billie an unimpressed and suspicious look not falling for the innocent act.

Billie licks over her lips leaning forward until she can twist her fingers around the hem of Stevie's dress. "I don't know baby, maybe I need a reminder of what it looks like?" She grins up at Stevie using the hem to pull her closer.

Stevie rolls her eyes but lets it happen, smile turning up the corners of her lips as she slides onto the couch into Billie's lap, yellow sundress rucked up high on her thighs. "It's yellow, like my dress." Stevie plays along, smile growing as her hands smooth over the bright yellow fabric over her stomach making the little flowers unwrinkle.

"It's a really nice dress pretty girl, very pretty." Billie is a big fan from the little frills that make up the hem to the little ties that hang down in messy bows keeping the fabric scrunched up a little higher on Stevie's thighs. Billie leans forward and presses her forehead against the tops of Steve's breasts, curls tickling her collar bone and making Stevie giggle.

"It's kind of puffy." Stevie keeps going hands dragging down Billie's back, careful of the deliberate holes cut into her soft Scorpions shirt, making sure she does not accidentally tug and make them wider.

"Yeah, puffy, any other descriptors I can use to help jog my memory?" Billie asks, mouth muffled from where it is pressed to the fabric over Steve's soft breasts and she can tell this close that Stevie is not wearing a bra, hands sliding up the back of her dress to another set of ties all laced up and cinched tight keeping her breasts all perked up, something she can usually only achieve with a bra on.

"It's got ridges, the fabric has a line of little ridges through it." Stevie puffs out as Billie tips her head up just a little, just enough to get her

mouth on flesh, so she can kiss over Stevie's breasts, licking over a mole that dots the top of one. "Are you trying to distract me sunshine?" Stevie asks as she gets her fingers under the hem of Billie's shirt, blunt nails leaving little red marks as she drags them up Billie's back, her shirt rucking up.

"Why would I do something like that baby?" Billie asks, moving up higher, mouth laving over Stevie's collar bone, one hand dropping to her hips and pulling her down tighter. Stevie shifts of her own accord, moving around until she can press one of her knees between Billie's thighs. Billie shifts forward, mouth still attached to Stevie's skin, hand moving to the small of her back encouraging her to ride the thigh pressed between her legs.

"I think you know exactly where my scrunchie is." Stevie insists, fingers snapping at Billie's bra strap as she presses down on Billie's naked thigh. Billie can feel her silky panties wet and it makes her moan, makes her shift her hips a little more so she can get a little friction.

"What little ol' me, don't you think I would tell you?" Billie asks hand pulling at the ties across Stevie's back pulling the laces loose until the front of her yellow dress sags and Billie pulls it down with her teeth, mouthing at Stevie's naked breasts with abandon as Stevie ruts down against her thigh harder. Talented hands unhook her bra, giving Billie's own breasts some freedom but the bra has nowhere to go, Billie certainly is not about to stop what she is doing just to remove it.

"Not if you were already using it." Stevie says, moaning as she rolls her hips and Billie slides a hand down under her little yellow sundress, over her damp silky panties to rub at her clit making Stevie moan even more.

“Accusations are rude, baby.” Billie says sucking a nipple into her mouth, teeth gently teasing at it in a way that always makes Stevie whine and today is no different, pretty and sweet and all for Billie.

“Accuations, the fuck is that?” Stevie asks around a moan her own hands skimming Billy's ribs and coming up under the bra pushing it up toward Billie's neck along with her shirt so she can thumb at her nipples making them bead.

“Accusations, there's an S in there, it's when you make a claim that someone has done something you think is wrong.” Billie removes her mouth from Stevie's skin just long enough to explain before she is sucking her other nipple in, giving it a little tug while Stevie tests the word out a few times, distorting it as she moans.

“Is it still an accusation if it's true?” Stevie hisses right before she leans forward and hooks her teeth into the black puffy scrunchie, keeping Billie's hair messily bundled up around the yellow one underneath. Billie laughs, rubbing harder at her clit, making Stevie moan as she pulls back and spits the black scrunchie onto the couch, Billie's curls falling down in a loose ponytail. “You're such a fucking liar Billie.” Stevie says, a little laughing moan leaving her as she pinches Billie's nipples hard. “I spent twenty minutes looking for that earlier.” She complains, mouth dropping to a little ‘o’ as Billie shifts her hand and slips it into her panties, palm flat over her clit, two fingers sliding into her dripping vagina, giving Stevie something new to press against.

“I'll make it up to you baby.” Billie says, fingers pushing in and out of Stevie, while Stevie does most of the work, hips sliding up and down, grinding her clit down against Billie's palm seeking her pleasure as

she drips all over Billie's hand and thigh. Billie can tell Stevie is getting close by all of the little desperate noises she makes, hands sliding up to Billie's shoulder to give her something to hold onto while she tries to ride her fingers faster.

"I need it for my outfit, you knew I was wearing yellow." Stevie moans out breathlessly, giving a half shout half laugh as Billie catches her around the waist with her free arm and twists them pressing Stevie's back into the couch.

Billie glances at the stormy sky outside, clouds rolling in faster than she thought they would and rain just starting to softly beat down against the roof. "Don't think you're going to need it after all, baby." Billie says mouth going to Stevie's nipple again sucking as she keeps Stevie pressed down with her palm flat against her stomach, other hand fucking into here quickly, slick wet sounds filling the air, a chorus to Stevie's moans.

It does not take much for Stevie to cum, body going taunt before she is shaking and squirming as Billie's fingers keep moving inside of her, prolonging her orgasm. Billie does not stop until Stevie whines and pushes at her shoulders, Billie finally pulling her mouth away from Stevie's swollen nipple with a wet pop. Stevie panting and squirming, trying to press her thighs together as Billie pulls her hand free but her hips are in the way and she just ends up squeezing them between her soft thighs as Billie licks her finger clean and thunder crashes outside, making Stevie jump.

"So much for tacos" Stevie says, head tilted back to look out the window, the rain is beating harder and Billie can see the waves crashing hard and high against the shore. Billie hums leaning in for another kiss as lightning flashes across the sky lighting up everything.

“I got a taco right here you can eat” She rasps, grinning as she pulls back and Stevie scrunches up her nose.

“I love you but I am going to require real food.” Billie hums again thinking of places nearby that deliver while sitting up and dragging Stevie up with her.

“Well you’re in luck. I know a takeout place that delivers.” Billie knows a great little place that is not far and she is pretty sure Stevie is going to love their food, she even saw a menu in the kitchen drawer that has a stack of takeaway menus.

“Sounds good.” Stevie says trying to right her yellow dress back to the way it was, arms stretched behind her as she ties it closed again, breast back to practically bursting at the neck line.

“We’ll look at the menu in a bit, first I need you to get on your knees and have some dessert baby.” Billie says with a grin, thighs spread wide as she pops the button on her shorts.

“You’re gross.” Stevie says, with a smile and a shake of her head, the way she always does when Billie makes food related innuendos but she still slides down to the plush carpet.

“Then why are you getting on your knees?” Billie asks, already knowing the answer as she shimmies out of her shorts, only a little bit of a struggle getting them over her sandals. Stevie laughs at her but she is right there unhooking the buckles from Billie’s shoes and

helping her out of them before tugging the shorts free and tossing them aside.

“Because I love you and for some reason even when you’re being gross it’s hot.” Stevie rolls her eyes, fingers skimming up Billie’s bare thighs as she settles between them.

“Love you too sugar tits.” Billie smiles, hand sliding into Stevie’s loose hair and pulling her up as she bends forward a little for a kiss.

-TBC

Notes for the Chapter:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>

4. Lake

Summary for the Chapter:

Day 25 Lake

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"You should let me sleep in, it's my birthday." Stevie complains words slurring a little as her hand comes down to run through Billie's curls, blunt nails scratching at the base of her skull.

"That's why I made you breakfast." Billie says, pushing up so she can hover over Stevie as she cracks an eye open.

Notes for the Chapter:

Day Twenty-Five Lake from the HarringroveApril Prompts

California Part 4 Lake

On Stevie's birthday Billie lets her sleep in, a little bit at least before she brings her breakfast in bed, thick cut french toast dusted in powdered sugar with thick pats of butter melting over them, syrup on the side because Stevie always likes to start with less and add more as she goes. There is a plate full of extra crispy bacon, which is really just burnt and normally Billie will not cook it that much but it is Stevie's birthday so for once she gives in and ruins the bacon. There is even a little bowl of sliced up peaches and blueberries next to the mug of coffee.

Billie pulls the blankets back, getting a sleepy murmur of complaint that she ignores. Stevie tries to roll, tries to twist and sleepily buries her face in the pillow to get away from the sun starting to stream in

through the windows cutting stripes as it passes through the blinds. Billie stops her, hands grabbing her hips and she leans down and trailing kisses over Stevie's stomach where her shirt has rucked up during the night.

"Happy birthday baby." Billie says brightly, laughing and kissing higher up over her ribs, moving the shirt, one of hers that Stevie has taken over, a soft worn Metallica shirt, higher up to reach more skin as Stevie makes another mumble of complaint.

"You should let me sleep in, it's my birthday." Stevie complains words slurring a little as her hand comes down to run through Billie's curls, blunt nails scratching at the base of her skull.

"That's why I made you breakfast." Billie says, pushing up so she can hover over Stevie as she cracks an eye open.

She twists her mouth back and forth, peering up at Billy suspiciously as she asks, "Can I go back to sleep after?"

"Sure sugar tits, for a little while at least." Billie says laughing as she leans down and catches her mouth in a kiss.

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Billie does end up letting her sleep for a little while longer after Stevie makes a messy meal of her french toast and fruit. She only gives her two hours before dragging her out of bed with a "You're not

sleeping your birthday away pretty girl!"

"But it's my birthday, I should get to choose how I spend it." She complains trying to wriggle out of the tight hold Billie gets on her to no avail.

"Nope, I intend to make you have a good time." Billie says as she drags Stevie into the master bath, the shower already going.

"I know of plenty of ways we could have a good time that doesn't require us to leave the bed." Stevie tries twisting in Billie's hold and starts kissing at her neck, it is tempting, very tempting and Billie lets her have a few kisses before she pushes her away toward the shower.

"We can do that with or without the bed, better get in the shower. We won't make it on time if we don't get on the road soon." Billie insists, snorting as Stevie pouts at her. "Shower now." She orders getting a huff and a squirm.

"Are you sure you wouldn't care to join me?" Stevie asks, shimmying her sleep shirt up and Billie is very tempted but she will not be swayed from her plans. She pushes Stevie a few steps back until she is under the spray, Stevie's arms dropping to her sides as she glowers at Billie, her clothes soaking through. "You could have just said no!"

"We both know you would have continued trying to convince me baby and we don't have time for that." Billie says laughing and ducking to avoid the wet t-shirt Stevie throws at her, it hits the wall with a wet slap and the floor with another.

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“So are you going to tell me where we are going? You know since you wouldn’t let me choose I think you should at least tell me what we are doing.” Stevie asks, eyeing the overnight bags Billie shoves in the trunk of the cute little sports car that her parents just keep here for when they visit.

“Maybe if you knew anything about California I might let you pick. I’m just trying to make sure you have a good one baby.” Billie says holding the door open for her, she just really wants Stevie to have a good time, wants her to want to come back, come back and stay with Billie.

“That doesn’t answer the question.” Stevie says slipping into the low bucket seat.

“It’s a surprise sugar tits buckle up.” Billie lets the door fall closed hard before Stevie can actually get another question out. That does not stop her from playing twenty questions during their drive up into the mountains.

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They stop at the first fruit stand up the mountain, Stevie seeing it and insisting they need some navel oranges for the drive. “Since when do you even like oranges?” Billie asks, shifting through the pile of ripe oranges picking out the best looking ones and tucking them in the

little wicker basket Stevie is carrying.

“I still don’t, they’re gross and pulpie but you like them.” Billie has warmth in her gut because she does but she is a little surprised that Stevie remembers that. She only ate one once after she got to Hawkins, on a dreary morning Stevie smoking a cigarette next to her on a picnic bench outside the front doors of the school. Billie had spit the sour thing out immediately asking Stevie if they were always this gross and sour, had found the way she leaned forward and gave the segment Billie was holding out for her a lick hot as hell before her face had puckered up at the sour flavor.

“Oh babe, babe they have bunnies!” Stevie says promptly, ditching the basket with Billie to go see them. Billie just shakes her head and watches as an older woman holds the gate open for her and starts showing Stevie all of the rabbits. She turns back to the oranges and adds a few more to their basket before moving on to see what else they have to offer.

Billie has to practically drag Stevie out of the rabbit pen twenty minutes later. “We should get a rabbit Billie, it would be a great pet for us don’t you think.” Billie’s stomach flips pleasantly at Stevie thinking about the two of them getting a pet together.

“Don’t think it would appreciate the plane ride home baby, maybe, maybe after we finish up high school we could look into it” Billie offers, chewing on her thumbnail as Stevie gives a nod.

“You’re right we should probably wait until we move in together to get a joint pet too. And we should probably wait until we move out here for college, maybe we can come back up here and get one.” Stevie says it so casually like it is a definite thing, no doubt in her

mind and Billie stops her, catching her by the wrist, mouth a little dry.

“You want to move to California?” Billie has been hoping, has been trying to show Stevie all the best it has to offer in the hopes she would want to move here with her but from the sound of it her mind has been made up for a while.

Stevie quirks her lips free hand coming up to rest against Billie’s jaw. “Of course sunshine, you’ve been planning to come back here since you got to town. I just assumed we’d always end up here.” Billie has warmth flooding her, feeling like the low key panic that has come over her for the last few months when college and future plans came up was all so stupid because of course Stevie was already making plans with her in mind, with them still being together in mind. “I, well I mean if you want to of course, you don’t have-”

Billie drops the basket to the ground, one of the oranges rolling away but she could not care less, catching Stevie’s face between her hands and kissing her deeply, sliding an arm down to wrap around Stevie’s back as she bends them. Stevie is laughing when Billie pulls her back up and they lean their foreheads together, breathing the same air as they catch their breath. “Are you kidding? Of course I want to move out here with you pretty girl, there is nothing I want more.” Billie peppers kisses over Stevie’s nose.

“Good, you can help me with my college applications, Nathan was helping me but with Joan leaving for college early he’s mostly just been using the time he was helping me work on them to complain and make plans for visiting her over the summer.” Stevie starts rambling and Billie just kisses her again, more than happy to help Stevie with her college admissions essays.

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Stevie peels and feeds Billie sweet oranges during the rest of the drive, the windows down, their hair pulled back in loose ponytails to keep it mostly out of their mouths. Stevie even sucks the juice out of a section before offering the rest to Billie with a pinched up face still refusing to eat the pulpie insides. Billie just leans over and pulls the fruit into her mouth, lips sliding over Stevie's thumb and forefinger, grinning as she chews and Stevie squirms sucking the juice from her own fingers.

It takes a few hours to get up to the quaint little bed and breakfast right on the lake that they are staying at, the sun is just starting to set as they pull into the parking lot. Billie maybe called Stevie's dad and got him to make the arrangements, turns out he is definitely onto them and very supportive. The lake is painted in reds and pinks as the sky changes colors and Billie gets out of the car grabbing their bags from the back.

"Alright sugar tits, we're going up to our room and changing. No dillydallying, we can break the room in later tonight." Billie says as Stevie makes eyebrow waggles at her as soon as she mentions the room.

"But we're already here sunshine. What is the rush?" Stevie asks as she comes around the car draping an arm around Billie's back as they head inside.

"We'll miss the festival they're holding if we linger too long, you don't think I dragged you all the way up here just to sleep at some

bnb for your birthday did you?” Billy says with a teasing note as they walk up to the little front desk in the entry way and Billie drops her hand against the small silver bell.

“There’s a festival? What kind?” Stevie asks bouncing on the balls of her feet

“Strawberry” Billie snorts laughing as Stevie squeals, she loves strawberries.

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Stevie is in another sundress, a peachy thing that flows down loosely to mid-thigh, the breeze coming off the lake making it show off her figure when it catches her before going loose again. Billie choses shorts and a cropped tank top, always more than happy to show off some skin, a mixtape wrapped sloppily in polka dot paper stuffed in her back pocket along with a single candle and the little ring she saw in a shop almost an identical match to the one she wears on her thumb that once belonged to her father, a simple braided golden thing. They have their hands linked as they walk around, going from booth to booth.

Billie wins a fish at the ring toss that they cannot possibly take home, Stevie offering it up to a crying child and their despondent mother who is having no luck at the game. They play a few more games, both of them winning each other silly little knickknacks and a stuffed animal each. Billie ends up with a knock off Smokey the Bear that Stevie wins at the milk jug game and Billie wins her a Care Bear plush that nearly matches her dress, with two sunflowers on its stomach by popping balloons after Stevie coos “Look at it Billie, it’s you as a Care Bear.”

They find a nice spot on the lake at the end of a pier, two white checkered paper trays full of soft sponge cake laden with strawberries and whipped cream are in Billie's hands while Stevie holds their strawberry milk tea. "Nope, not yet, hold your horses sugar tits." Billy hisses when Stevie sets their drinks down and tries to grab for her strawberry shortcake, setting her own cake to the side.

Billie digs the candle out of her back pocket waving it in Stevie's pouting face and watches as it slides into a grin as Billie puts the candle in her cake and digs out her lighter, lighting the candle and holding the tray toward Stevie. "Happy birthday baby, you want me to sing?" Billie asks, grinning as Stevie gives a nod, eyes big and adoring as Billie sings happy birthday to her, a little off key but she knows Stevie does not care about that.

"I do believe this is the best birthday I've ever had." Stevie announces as she blows out her candle, a careful blow to keep her whipped cream intact and Billie hands her the little wrapped cassette tape. "You made me a mixtape?" Stevie says happily, easily guessing what it is before she rips the paper open, pressing it under her thigh so that the wind does not carry it away, fingers tracing over the messily scribbled 'Stevie' with little hearts around it. "I love it, we'll have to listen to it on the way back down the mountain. Thank you."

"You're welcome baby, if this really is the best, we're going to have to top it next year then." Billy says as she hands Stevie her cake, taking the candle and popping it into her mouth as she pulls her sandals off and dips her feet into the lake before picking up her own paper tray. Stevie sets the tape between her thighs and starts digging into her cake, whipped cream catching at the corner of her mouth.

“I was thinking maybe we could come up here again next year, well if spring break when we’re in college lines up with the festival.” Stevie says, bumping her shoulder against Billie’s and laughing when Billie leans in and licks the whipped cream from her mouth.

“Yeah I think we can do that baby, whatever you want.” Billie will definitely make sure they come back here next year, she takes a big bite herself before she digs the little golden ring out of her back pocket, the lamp lights decorating the pier making the braided mettles shine.

Billie twists it between her fingers as Stevie talks “Maybe we could come up around your birthday too, unless there’s something else you’d like to do, I bet this lake freezes over real nice.”

“You just want to go ice skating so you can watch me fall on my ass.” Billie says with a snort, ass giving a twinge of pain in remembrance of the last time she went ice skating with Stevie, it turns out it is even harder than roller skating.

Billie grabs Stevie’s hand when she drops her fork back into her container, turning to grin at Billie. “No I won’t let you fall sunflower, you’ll just have to hold onto me the whole time.” Stevie says, turning and rubbing their noses together as they smile at one another.

“I’ll hold onto you as long as you’ll let me sugar tits.” Billie says softly as she slips the ring onto Stevie’s index finger.

Stevie gives a wet little happy laugh at the nickname, as she looks down at her hand. “It matches yours, it’s perfect, thank you.” Stevie

leans in and kisses her, smiling into it and Billie is smiling too, thinking about a different set of matching rings someday in their future. “I don’t ever want to let you go, it’s going to be me and you forever baby.” Stevie whispers against Billie’s mouth and it makes her stomach all gooey heat as they trade soft unhurried kisses on the moonlit doc until their lips are swollen and their cakes are spoiled.

-END

Notes for the Chapter:

<https://ghostofjellyfishforgotten.tumblr.com/>

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